

March Madness-Hijack Week

by HoneyBeeez

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Summary: I know, such a creative title \*eye roll\* anyways, here is my contribution to Hijack week. Surprisingly, mostly all of these tended to be first meetings or high school AU in some way or other. But, hey, I tried. I hope you guys like it! I don't even know about the genres... oops!

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*HI EVERYONE! I am so happy that I'm participating in Hijack Week, and the prompts are all awesome! YAY! So... here's my spin on High School AU. Enjoy!\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD or ROTG.\*\*

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><p><strong><em><span>~Not Knowing~<span>\_\*\*

Same thing, every day, all day. And there was nothing he could do about it.

Hiccup was the oddball in everything he put his mind to. Either he was good at it, too good for his own good, or he sucked at it terribly, but was forced to do it anyway.

School was a mix of all those things put together. Some classes, like Math and English, he was amazing in. Others, like P.E and History, he sucked at. But, that was life; you win some, you lose some. Hiccup knew this.

But Hiccup didn't like going to school. Sure, he was good in most of his classes, and his teachers were okayâ€¦ it was mostly because of the fact thatâ€¦ well, he was the oddball. No one wanted to be friends with the oddball. People kept their distance, never really glanced his way, never really noticed him until he was shoved right

up their nose.

Hiccup didn't mind. He liked being alone anyways. Until, that is, someone noticed him.

\* \* \*

><p>It seemed like a normal day to everyone, including Hiccup. He walked into his first period, and saw someone sitting in the seat that was next to his, a seat that was usually left empty. He blinked a couple times, then shook it off and walked over to his desk.</p>

The person was obviously a boy, and he was wearing his hood, so Hiccup couldn't see his face. But Hiccup sat down anyway, pulling out his math notebook and starting on the warm up that was on the board.

The boy next to him looked up, and saw Hiccup sitting next to him. A smile spread across the boy's face as he threw back his hood and pulled out his earphones. He nudged Hiccup's arm.

"Hey," He said. Hiccup looked. "I'm new here. I'm Jack,"

"Hiccup," Said boy replied. "Where you from?"

"California," Jack said with a smirk. Hiccup looked at him.

"Okay, wow, cool." Hiccup said a bit awkwardly. He went to work again on the warm up. Jack nudged his arm again.

"I kind of need some help with the warm up." Jack said with a little smile.

"Ask the teacher," Hiccup dismissed, a little rudely.

"I already did," Jack answered. "He won't explain it to me." Hiccup sighed.

Their teacher was bullshit, everyone knew that. He never really taught, and when he did, he never knew what he was doing in the first place. Hiccup could have taught the class better, and this was Advanced Geometry they were talking about.

"Okay, volume of a prism." Hiccup said, leaning over and pushing his notebook towards Jack a little. "You find the base area, so in this case, the area of a trapezoid."

"And how do you do that?" Jack asked.

"Look, area of a trapezoid is  $h(b_1 + b_2) / 2$ . See? So, you plug in the numbers, and what do you get?" Hiccup explained and asked. Jack stuck out his tongue and scratched away in his notebook, writing down the formula and plugging in the numbers.

"Area of the trapezoid is 28 inches squared." Jack answered.

"Okay, but now, to find the volume of the prism, you could just times 28 inches squared by the height of the prism, which isâ€¢?" Hiccup prompted.

"10 inches?" Jack said, unsure.

"Bingo." Hiccup replied. "28 inches squared times 10 inches equals 280 inches cubed. You have to remember the cubed. Very important." Hiccup said.

"Hey, thanks Hiccup." Jack said, smiling.

"No problem," Hiccup said.

\* \* \*

><p>The next couple of months were a little weird for Hiccup. Jack would hang out with him, talk to him, laugh with him. It was all sort of confusing for him, mostly because he wasn't used to having friends. At first, Hiccup was as stiff as a board, but he softened up a bit.</p>

No one really thought that someone like Jack would be friends with Hiccup, but all of them could go to hell, because he didn't care what they all thought. Hiccup was kind enough to help him out on his first day, and that was all it took. One act of kindness could go a long wayâ€¦ sometimes, you just never really forget it.

And that was Jack's problem. He couldn't forget Hiccup. Not that he wanted to anyway. But his best friend was always on his mind, like how what they did that day at school would replay in his head before he went to sleep, or just tying seemingly random things back to Hiccup. It was all too weird, because nothing like this has ever happened to Jack before. He didn't know what the heck was going onâ€¦

Until he had a wet dream of his best friend.

So, maybe it wasn't one of his proudest moments, and it was definitely embarrassing even to think about, but secretly, Jack was thankful for it. He would have been oblivious to his feelings about his friend without it. Of course, Hiccup didn't know. He couldn't know.

A feeling of dread washed through Jack quickly. What if Hiccup didn't like him back? What if he loses his best friend all because of the fact that he acted on a stupid emotion?

But what was the fun in living in 'what if's? Jack swallowed his fear, and everything else that wanted him to turn back and hide in a corner, and stood a little taller.

He was doing it. Today. Now. He pulled out his phone and typed away. It was lunch, and everyone was scrambling around the huge campus some called a high school. Jack just called it prison with a side-order of Hiccup.

\_ "Meet me in Center Quad?" \_ Jack typed out and pressed send before he could stop himself.

\_ "Sure." \_ Came the immediate reply.

And then all Jack had to do was wait. And he was scared shitless.

Butâ€| he had to do this. He needed to get his best friend off his mind, and maybe if he knew what it was like to press their lips together, the thought would stop pestering him day and night.

"Hey, sorry. You know how these people are. They're like cows, I swear!" Hiccup complained, dropping his backpack down on the ground and sitting next to Jack on the bench.

"They walk like cows, talk like cowsâ€| \_look like cows\_!" Jack said, whispering the last words. Hiccup busted up laughing, hitting Jack's shoulder lightly as he did so.

"You're such a dork!" Hiccup said, calming down enough to choke a sentence out. Jack laughed a little with him.

"Hiccup, do me a favor, will you?" Jack asked suddenly, his stomach tying itself into elaborate knots. Hiccup looked at him and smiled.

"Need me to do your math homework again?" Hiccup asked, jutting his bottom lip out in a pouty face. Jack rolled his eyes, and flashed him a smile.

"No," He said. "Justâ€| close your eyes and sit there." Jack said.

"This better not be one of your stupid pranksâ€|" Hiccup muttered, closing his eyes and sitting still.

Jack took a breath. Okay, let's do this. His hand reached up and cupped Hiccup's cheek gently. And then, slowly, Jack pulled Hiccup closer to him. Jack leaned in, and their lips pressed together in a soft kiss.

And Jack figured out he was wrong. He knew that the thought of his best friend would never cease to pester his mind. And, in all honesty, Jack didn't mind it at all.

Jack pulled away before things got too weird, and Hiccup eyes fluttered open. Jack put his hands in his lap, looking anywhere but at his friend.

"Why'd you do that for?" Hiccup asked, no tone of anger in his voice. Jack looked at him, shocked that he wasn't angry.

"Becauseâ€| because I've been wanting to know how it would be like." Jack replied, telling the truth and looking away again. "Sorry if that just took it way too far."

He was punched in the arm lightly. As soon as Jack turned to give Hiccup a 'what the hell, man?' face, Hiccup kissed him.

And everyone stopped and stared at the two boys who lazily kissed in Center Quad at lunch that day. And the best part was, neither of them cared.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So... yup. Here you go! I hoped you loved it! Leave a review please! I love hearing from you all, but it's okay if you

don't. <strong>

\*\*Thanks for reading! HIJACK FOREVER~\*\*

\* \* -HB\*\*

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*Here's Day Two of Hijack Week, College AU! \*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span><em><strong>~Backpacks~<strong>\_

Hiccup really wanted to go to college. He wanted to get a better education, and have a better life, and especially think for himself rather than doing what his father told him to do.

And that's why he found himself on a field trip to Burgess University with an organization from his high school. They were showing them what college life was all about, they were even staying the night! He didn't really like any of the other students in the organization, but he put up with them for as long as he had to. He even jumped into some of their conversations so he could look sociable to the counselors.

Hiccup was in love with the campus, and they even had the engineering and art courses that he wanted to take. He was sure that he could get in Burgess University. He knew it.

The field trip was amazingâ€¦ yes. 'Was.' Past-tense. Everything changed at lunch.

Hiccup was eating alone in a little bistro, like he normally does, and had his nose in a book. His group was nearby. He sipped his lemonade cautiously and ignored everything else. He was just happy being alone honestly.

\* \* \*

><p>And Jack walked into the bistro. He wasn't really all that hungry, but he always found the little place to beâ€¦ soothing in a way. He could get his homework done here, or just think while scarfing down some of their delicious frozen yogurt. He was used to everything that normally happened around campus, so seeing a new kid with his nose in a book really shocked him. The kid was cute, and looked pretty young for a college student, but then again, Jack didn't look is age either.<p>

So, naturally, Jack walked over and sat down across from the kid. Hiccup looked up, shocked that some stranger sat down in front of him.

"Oh gods, I'm sorry. Am I sitting at your table? Sorryâ€|" Hiccup said, putting his bookmark in place and closing the book. He started to stand up.

"No, no, it's okay." Jack said, waving it off. Hiccup sat back down slowly.

"Oh, okay," He said.

"I'm Jack by the way." Jack said, introducing himself. "You?"

"Uhâ€| Hiccup," The kid replied.

"So are you new to Burgess?" Jack asked, flashing him a friendly smile.

"Umâ€| yeah, I live in Berk, soâ€|" Hiccup replied, taking another sip of his lemonade.

"Berk, huh?" I heard that place was really cool," Jack said, having no idea where Berk was.

"Depends on your definition of 'cool.'" Hiccup said. "All it is, is some people who think they're all tough because they come from 'Viking heritage.' There's nothing really special about it."

"I see," Jack said, lifting his chin slightly. "You like the campus so far?" He asked.

"Love it," Hiccup said, a smile flashing across his face. "It's gorgeous,"

"What are you majoring in?" Jack asked.

"I can't decide on engineering or artâ€| but I have plenty of time to figure it all out," Hiccup assured.

"Why don't you just take both?" Jack asked.

"I don't have all the money in the world," Hiccup said.

"What? A smart kid like you must have gotten a lot of scholarships!" Jack said.

"Actually, I haven't applied for any yetâ€|" Hiccup said, fumbling with the hem of his jacket sleeve.

"Do you wanna get out of here?" Jack blurted out. He almost smacked himself right after he said it. He sounded so desperate. Hiccup looked at him, eyes wide. "I mean, we could go get a drink if you want,"

"Iâ€| I don'tâ€| well, see, I'mâ€|" Hiccup was stuttering.

"You're underage?" Jack asked. Hiccup nodded, resigned. "Me too. Only nineteen myself, but I know some people who could hook me up. But that's fine. Wanna get some coffee? There's this coffee shop that's better than Starbuck's across campus, I swear!"

"That sounds fun and allâ€| but I can't." Hiccup said, glancing nervously back at the rest of his group. They were about ready to leave.

"How about some other time then?" Jack asked, smiling and handing Hiccup a piece of paper with numbers scrawled on it. Hiccup took it, a bit resentfully.

"Umâ€œ| maybe." Hiccup said. "If there is some other timeâ€œ| I have to go. Bye!" He got all his stuff, and walked over to his group.

Jack found him a little odd. And why was he going with the visiting high schoolersâ€œ|?

And then he slapped himself in the face for real.

Hiccup was a high school student, who happened to be on a tour of the campus. And he gave him his number. And Hiccup forgot his backpack.

Jack really liked Hiccup, high schooler or not. This kid's backpack was probably his life.

With a confident smile, Jack resolved that he would track Hiccup down and give him back his backpack.

\* \* \*

><p>The rest of the tour was amazing. Well, at least to Hiccup. They were shown one of Burgess University's tech labs, and Hiccup could have spent the whole day in there. But, the tour had to end sometime, and they ate dinner, and were ushered into their dorms. There were three group members and one counselor in each dorm, and Hiccup just had to be in a dorm with the people he didn't like the most. That was okay, though, because he could always read, or draw in his sketchpadâ€œ| his sketchpad was in his backpack. Okayâ€œ|<p>

"My backpackâ€œ|" Hiccup whispered. He flopped himself on top of his bed, his head buried into his pillow. He left it when that college guy was trying to take him out. The guy wasn't bad looking, and he was only 19, which was three years Hiccup's seniorâ€œ| yeah, that was a bad idea straight from the start. There was no way he was ever going to have a chance with that guy. What was his name? Jack. There we go.

"Are you okay Hiccup?" The counselor asked.

"Just peachy." Hiccup said, his voice muffled by his pillow. The counselor shrugged, and left him alone.

Hiccup had everything in his backpack, all his clothes, his wallet, his sketchpadâ€œ| And now it was lost. There was really no use going to a lost and found, because really, who even turns stuff into those anyway? A good Samaritan, maybe, but most people would keep whatever they found.

Ughâ€œ| his dad was going to be furious.

\* \* \*

><p>Jack smiled, and heaved the backpack onto his shoulder. It was pretty heavy, but there was no way he was going to look inside. Can anyone say 'invasion of privacy'? He casually walked up to the receptionist.<p>

"Hey Polly," Jack said with a smile, leaning over the counter.

"Jack," Polly said. "I have work to do. I don't need you to bug me with your antics,"

"I'm actually trying to help someone here, and all you do is shoot me down?" Jack asked. "Offended! Anyways, seriously. I need your help." Polly sighed, and pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose.

"What do you need?" She sighed, resigned.

"You know that there are some high school kids having a tour here, right?" Jack asked. Polly rolled her eyes, annoyed.

"Of course I know," She said. "I'm the one that set it up,"

"Okay, good. Well, I need to know where they are staying." Jack said.

"There's about three schools visiting today." Polly said.

"Berk. Is there a high school from Berk?" Jack asked, feeling a weight in his stomach. He needed to find this kid!

"The Viking Academy?" Polly asked. "Yeah, they're here,"

"I need to know where they're staying," Jack demanded as politely as he could.

"Jack, you're known for getting in trouble," Polly said. "I can't just give you this kind of information without a really good reason."

"This kid from the Viking Academy forgot his backpack. I need to give it back to him." Jack said, shaking the backpack that was on his shoulder.

"Give it here," Polly said, holding her hand out. "I'll put it in the lost and found."

"Umâ€| no. You see, nobody looks in there!" Jack said. "He probably thinks someone stole it or something. Giving it back to him directly is the best way." Well, that was a bullshit reason, but it was the only thing he could think of. He needed to see Hiccup! There was just something about himâ€| but there was no way he was going to get all mushy in the head when the receptionist was standing right in front of him.

"I'll give it to him," Polly said, waving her fingers and demanding that Jack gave over the backpack. Jack clutched at it tighter.

"You have a lot of work to do, you said it yourself," Jack said. "I'll give it to him. Nowâ€| dorm number, please?" Jack said. Polly sighed, and typed away at her computer.

"Name?" Polly asked.

"Hiccup,"

"Funny," Polly said with a little laugh. "Umâ€| Hiccup Haddock, dorm number 718."

"Thanks Polly!" Jack said, running out.

\* \* \*

><p>"Hiccup, it's not the end of the worldâ€|" The counselor assured him.<p>

"Just leave me here to die," Hiccup said dramatically. "My dad's going to be so madâ€|"

"I'm sure he'll understand that it was an accident that you lost your backpack," One of the students said reasonably from the other side of the room. Hiccup looked up from his pillow, and shot them a glare

"You obviously don't know my father," He said, before dropping his face back into his pillow. There was a knock on the door.

"I'll get it," The counselor said, rushing over and opening the door. There was a muffled conversation, well, at least to Hiccup. "Hiccup, someone's here for you." The counselor said. Hiccup groaned. What now?

"Coming," He said lifting himself up off the bed and walking over to the door. There the guy was, standing in the doorway, smiling at Hiccup. Name, name, name, what was his name? Jack Okay, there we go.

"Hey," Jack said.

"Hi," Hiccup said, walking out into the hallway and closing the door after him and Jack. "Are you, like, stalking me now, or something?" He asked. Jack just laughed.

"I'm trying to help you out here, and I get accused of stalking? That's a new one," Jack said. He shrugged the backpack off his shoulder and handed it to Hiccup. "You forgot your backpack," He said with a smile. Hiccup's jaw dropped a little, as he took his backpack from him.

"Wow, thanks," Hiccup said, looking from his backpack to the clear blue eyes that were Jack's.

"Eh, it's no problem," Jack said shrugging. "If you want, you could make it up to me," He said with a smirk.

"Make it up to you?" Hiccup said, raising an eyebrow at Jack.

"Yeah. Dinner, a movie, a walk around the campus? Or maybe we could just hang out?" Jack asked. Hiccup blushed.

"Fine, I'll uhâ€| I'll call you, I guess?" Hiccup said, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly.

"Sure," Jack said. On a whim, he leaned over and kissed Hiccup's cheek softly. "See you then," He said, walking away. Hiccup's cheeks burned as he walked back into the dorm.

"Hey, you found your backpack!" The counselor said.

"I told you," The student said. Hiccup glared again.

"Shut up," Hiccup mumbled. He flopped on his bed, and pulled out his sketchpad. Not only did he find his backpackâ€œ but he found a boyfriend too. A college boyfriend. 'Oh my gods!' was what Hiccup sketched onto the paper in huge, curling letters.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>This was sort of High School AU too. Sorry.  
<strong>

\*\*But, yeah... I hope you liked it. Jack's a dork, Hiccup doesn't know what to do. Yaaaay. Leave a review, if you want! Thaaaaaaanks :DD\*\*

\*\*-HB\*\*

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*Hogwarts AU! Yaaay! I also have my multi-chapter story, Leave It To Lauren, if you want to read that! Thanks!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span><em><strong>~Black Lake and Stormy Days~<strong>\_

It was one of those rainy days at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry that took everyone by storm (no pun intended). The rain fluctuated from time to time; one moment it was sunny, the next was raining cats and dogs. Most students resented it.

Jack loved it. He loved the rain and everything that came with it. Most students ran to their classrooms. Jack contemplated taking off his soaked and battered solid black shoes and squishing his way to his next class barefoot. He smiled to himself, thinking about all the people that were bound to look at him funny because of it.

Jack walked across the grounds seemingly aimlessly. His next class was Care of Magical Creatures, and Hagrid wouldn't mind if he was a bit late because he was enjoying the damp weather.

\_Shluck, shluck shluck shluck!\_ Jack's shoes screamed as he walked off the stone stairs and started walking down the grassy hill. His shoes had holes in the bottoms, so the water got into them far easier than normal. But Jack didn't care; he had a rock-solid immune system, so he wasn't afraid of getting sick.

\*\*Splash, splash, splash, splash!\*\* Jack heard from behind him. As soon as he turned, an umbrella appeared over his head. He looked up at it ruefully as it blocked the rain from saturating his robes and hair. Someone tsk'ed.

"If you keep walking in the rain, you're going to get sick," That someone said. Jack looked, and choked on his own tongue. Hiccup Haddock was standing in front of him, kind green eyes analyzing him critically and his crooked smile showing. Jack wouldn't have acted like this last year, but puberty had been nice to Hiccup over the

summer; he left Hogwarts a short, scrawny boy and came back as a tall, well-built \_man\_. Jack thought that it was a lie to say the guy wasn't attractive.

"I happen to like the rain, thank you," Jack heard himself say, ducking out from under the umbrella and smirking.

"You're going to get sick," Hiccup insisted, stepping closer and having the two of them share the umbrella. Jack ducked out from under it again.

"Like you care," He scoffed.

"Yeah, I do," Hiccup said. The umbrella was over Jack's head again.

"No, you don't," Jack said.

"No, I really do!" Hiccup insisted. He put the umbrella over both of their heads, and grabbed Jack's wrist for good measure. "It would really suck if you got sick,"

"Okay, fine. But I need to get to class before Hagrid bites my head off." Jack said. He wrenched his wrist out of Hiccup's grip, ignoring the bright red blush that dusted his pale cheeks.

"Oh, me too," Hiccup said, flashing Jack a smile.

"Really? I didn't think you would be taking Care of Magical Creatures." Jack commented, crossing his arms over his chest as they continued to walk down the hill.

\_Shluck, shluckâ€¹

"Yeah, well I'm more like a professor's assistant," Hiccup said. Jack looked at him. "Hagrid's teaching about dragons. He doesn't know how to take care of them, so that's where I step in."

"Oh, and you know about dragons?" Jack asked, lifting his eyebrow at him skeptically.

"Oh, loads," Hiccup said. "I train them back at home,"

"Really?" Jack asked.

"Yeah," Hiccup answered with a crooked smile.

\* \* \*

><p>"Here, you're doing this wrong," Hiccup advised.</p>

"How am I doing this wrong?" Jack asked. "I'm doing it exactly like you told me!"

"You're doing it wrong," Hiccup insisted, stepping closer.

The assignment was to cautiously approach the dragon and place your hand on its snout. Sounds easy enough, but it was a lot harder than it looked. Some people were moving too fast, others too nervous to do anything, others trying to avoid standing in front of the dragon

altogether. Jack thought he was doing a pretty good job, better than all the others at least.

Hiccup shifted even closer, putting his left hand on Jack's hip and his right hand on top of Jack's outstretched hand. He pulled Jack closer, and Jack could feel Hiccup's chest pressed up against his back. He blushed violently.

"You need to be confident and calm at the same time," Hiccup said, lowering Jack's hand and placing it on the dragon's snout. "If you're nervous, they'll be nervous. They pick up on things like that."

Jack felt the dragon let out a satisfied purr when he touched him. A smile spread across Jack's face.

"So, do you have a dragon?" Jack asked, rubbing his thumb across the dragon's scales.

"Yeah, he should be around here somewhereâ€|" Hiccup trailed off. His hand that was on Jack's hip circled around his waist. "Soâ€| got any plans after classes are dismissed?" Hiccup whispered in Jack's ear. He felt a shiver run up his spine.

"N-no," Jack stuttered, and almost smacked himself in the process. He was acting like such an idiot, this shouldn't be happeningâ€| and he doesn't not stutter! Not because of anyone!

"Good," Hiccup purred. "Meet me in the Library."

"Okay," Jack said. A kid screamed. Hiccup let go of Jack and rushed over to them. Apparently, their dragon wanted to play a little too roughly.

A black dragon walked over and sniffed Jack skeptically. He stiffened, petting his dragon for reassurance. His dragon only cooed at the other, as if they were having a conversation. The black dragon narrowed his eyes and stepped closer to Jackâ€| and licked him.

"Ew," Jack said, looking down the front of his robes. They were coated with the dragon's saliva, wet and sticky and smelling like rotten fish.

"Toothless!" Hiccup yelled. "I told you not to lick anyone!" The dragon just made a funny noise in Hiccup direction. Hiccup made a face, and then helped another student with their confidence issue.

"So, you're his dragon, huh?" Jack said to the black dragon, Toothless. He stuck his hand out cautiously, and Toothless sniffed it before pushing his head under it. Apparently, he was one of those self-petting types of creatures.

Jack pet both dragons for what seemed like forever, but it was relaxing. He didn't mind it all that much anyway. Hiccup came over, and looked at the three of them.

"Well, looks like Toothless likes you," Hiccup said. Jack smiled at him.

"Yeah, animals tend to love me," Jack said. "So, uh, see you at the Library?" He asked, gathering his stuff and walking away.

"Yeah, see you there," Hiccup said. Jack walked to his next class, while Hiccup just watched him go. Toothless came up beside him, and gave his rider a look. "What are you looking at?" Hiccup asked the dragon. Toothless rolled his eyes at him, and walked away.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup waited in the Library after school, almost nervously. He walked around, looking at a book that interested him for a bit before putting it back on the shelf. He was sort of worried that Jack wouldn't show. I mean, he did come onto him a little strong. He wouldn't blame him if he was creeped out.</p>

But, the only thing he could do now was wait. He already went out on a limb and asked his crush out, the least he could do was wait and see if he would actually follow through.

Two seconds after this resolve, Hiccup groaned, banging his head with a leather-bound book called "Dragon Manual." \_Waiting is stupid\_, he thought, \_I should just go back to my room, cry into my pillow, collect cats, and grow bitter and old\_.

"Hiccup?" Someone asked. He lifted his head, rubbing his forehead painfully, and saw who was standing in front of him.

"Jack!" Hiccup exclaimed. "Hey Jack, hiâ€| Jack. Hi Jack. I didn't really think you wouldâ€| uh, come?"

"Of course I came," Jack said with a smile. "Soâ€| what's up?" He asked.

"Nothingâ€| I just thought that we could hang out. You know," Hiccup said. Jack brightened just a little bit.

"Yeah, sure, that sounds cool," Jack said.

\* \* \*

><p>And soâ€| we walked around a bit, talking about everything and nothing. The subject skipped around a lot, dragons, flying on a dragon, Quidditch, homework, how Professor Bunnymund looks when he's irritated, the elves, our familiesâ€| I learned a lot about him, and he learned a lot about me. Itâ€| wasn't the most expensive dateâ€| wait, was this even a date? I shoved the thought out of my mind as we continued to talk.</p>

The sun fell out of the sky suddenly, and it was dark. We were walking along the pier of the Black Lake. The moonlight bounced off the water beautifully.

"Wow," Jack said. "It's beautiful out here,"

"Yeah it is," I said, glancing at him. He met my gaze.

"Soâ€| do you always take your dates out to the Lake?" Jack said, wagging his eyebrows at me. I blushed and he laughed.

"I will push you in, you know that, right?" I said.

"Aw, come on Hic! Take a joke!" He said. I looked at him, then cracked a smile at the stupid face he was making. His eyes were wide (and sparkling the brightest blue I ever saw in the moonlight), and his bottom lip was jutting out in a pout.

"Quit making that face and I won't push you in," I negotiated. He smiled, and laughed at me.

"Okay, okay, fine, you win." He said.

"Should we go grab dinner, orâ€|?" I asked. Jack sat down, his legs dangling off the pier.

"I'm okay for now. I just kinda wanna sit here and look at the Lake. You know?" Jack said, looking up at me. "I mean, if that's okay with you,"

"Yeah, it's okay. I know what you mean," I said, settling down next to him.

We just sat there for a while and looked at the beauty of it all. It wasâ€| sorta nice to just sit and be silent, but have it not be awkward.

"Hey, Hiccup?" Jack asked, looking out over the Lake.

"Hm?" I asked.

"Was thisâ€| is this a date?" He asked quickly, ducking his head a bit. My eyes went wide.

"Do you want it to be?" I asked, sounding a lot more confident than what I was feeling. Jack's jaw fell and he turned to look at me so fast, I swear he got whiplash.

"Really?" Jack said in disbelief. I nodded. "Yeahâ€| yeah I would." He said. My hand found his, and the smile on my face was huge.

And we just sat there, hand-in-hand, looking out onto the Lake until Professor Tooth called us in, yelling about the time and curfew.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Did anybody catch the little detail I threw in there? Hiccup liked Jack before that happened... :) I'm evil.<strong>

\*\*So, yup, thanks for reading. I love you all so much. Just reading it means the world to me! Alright, so you know the drill. If you have something to say, leave a review.\*\*

\*\*Byeeez!\*\*

\*\*-HB\*\*

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*Day Four of Hijack Week: Bar-Code AU!\*\*

\*\*Trigger Warning: Cigar Burns, Cutting, Drowning, Bullying, Abuse.  
Sorry.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span><em><strong>~Mentally Unstable~<strong>\_

Before you ask, my name is Hiccup, and I have a asterisk on my wrist. And, before you start judging, I have one thing to say: I didn't try to kill myself. I justâ€¦ didn't. No one believes me. Are you lost yet? Well, let's backtrack a bitâ€¦

\* \* \*

><p>My mother died when I was ten. My father, Stoick, hasn't really been the same since. He looks at me like I'm this big disgrace. I looked just like my mom, and so every day, he would yell at me, tell me vile things, make me feel useless and just flat out put me down. I got used to it, and one day, I just tuned out my father completely.<p>

It was the third anniversary of my mother's death that everything changed. That was the day when he snapped.

I came home from school and walked into the house. He greeted me as I walked in. It was a little weird. He was smoking a cigar, like he always did. He was really nice to me, asking me how my day was, if I did well on this big test I had, and things like that. I was a bit worried, after all, he was acting strange. So I just answered all of his questions, putting on a smile and playing along with his façade.

I walked into the kitchen, because, you know, I was hungry. I browsed around quickly, looking through the cabinets and the refrigerator. There was nothing, so I just settled for an apple that was on the kitchen counter. I turned around, and saw my dad standing there, his cigar in his mouth.

He asked me if I knew what day it was. I said yes, that it was the anniversary of mom's death. He agreed and said that it was also the day "he was going to do what he had wanted to for a long time" today. I said okay, and moved to go to my room.

When he pushed me down. I fell to the floor hard, my apple bouncing away from me. I was going to yell at him, when he dropped to his knees next to me and pulled my shirt up and off me. I tried getting him away, but it wasn't working.

He took his cigar out of his mouth, and pressed the butt of it onto my chest. It burned. Bad. I cried out, but he kept doing it. I could smell the cigar's sickly-sweet smoke, and scent of my burning flesh. I felt like I was about to pass out because of the pain, but I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of doing whatever he wanted to me. I fought as hard as I could, but he was stronger than me. I screamed bloody murder, hoping one of our neighbors would hear, but no one came, and he continued to burn me with the cigar.

The cigar burned down to just a stub, and I finally pushed him away and ran upstairs into my room. I locked my door behind me. My face

was wet. I was crying. I remembered that I read somewhere that when you get a burn, you were supposed to put room temperature water on it. I rushed into my bathroom, locking the door after me again, and turned on the sink. I made sure the temperature was just right, and then I started pouring the water down my chest.

It burned. It burned and it stung, and I think I bit through my lip because I tasted blood. It started feeling a bit better, but I didn't stop.

Then the doorknob jiggled a little. I couldn't breathe.

The door was busted down, and my dad stepped inside the bathroom. I didn't notice he had a knife in his hand. He had this deranged look in his eyes. My mouth couldn't form words, I just looked at him, tears running down my face.

Then his hand shot out and grabbed my left arm. With a flick of his wrist, there was a deep cut, running from my wrist to the inside of my elbow. Blood spurted out of the wound immediately.

I screamed. I tried to grab the towel that was hanging next to the sink. As I grabbed it, I slipped on some water. I fell back hard, but I pressed the towel onto the wound with a hiss of pain. I screamed again.

I remember asking him why. Why he was doing this to me. He just gave me a deranged smile and said, "This is for your mother."

I passed out a second later.

\* \* \*

><p>I didn't know I passed out. I woke up in the hospital, thinking I closed my eyes for a split-second, that my dad was still looming over me, ready to cut me again with that knife. I sat up, screaming my head off. It took them a while to calm me down, but when I did, they relaxed.</p>

That was when I looked at my wrist. Right above the black bars, my bar code, were my numbers, just as usual. But next to my numbers, there was a glossy, swollen asterisk right in front of my first number.

I remember being furious. I remember asking the nurse why I had this on my wrist, and she told me because I tried to kill myself, and that I was lucky that my dad found me in time and called 9-1-1. I yelled at her then, I told her that my father was the one who did this to me. I showed her the cigar burns, and she just looked at me sadly, and mumbled something about me not being in my right state of mind.

I stayed in the hospital until I was 'better' and then I was sent home. Back with my dad. He didn't say anything. He didn't even acknowledge my presence anymore.

Going back to school was hell. People shied away from me when they saw I had the asterisk on my wrist. They thought I was crazy, they thought I was going to try it again. I tried telling people the truth, even the cops! And they just shook their heads slowly and said

that I was mentally unstable.

My ass.

I thought high school was going to be a new start. I started wearing long sleeved shirts and oversized jackets to hide my wrists and my left forearm. If that didn't work, I would wear tons of bracelets on each arm, just simple half-inch thick bands that represented something or other.

Once I would get a friend, and we would be pretty close, they would somehow find out about me, and never look my way again.

No friends, no one cared, no one listenedâ€| all because of my dad.

When I was fourteen, it hit me: this is what my dad wanted. He didn't want to kill me, he wanted to ruin my life. Congratulations! He won the worst parent award, because he succeeded.

When I was fifteen, one of my teachers were worried about me. They said I should go to this support group for people who has harmed themselves. I didn't even protest when she said that, no one believed me. It was hopeless. I said thanks, and accepted the information.

I contemplated on going. It's just going to be some sad-saps who wanted their life to end, or the pain to stop, or a way out. That wasn't me. I loved life, before my father decided to do this to me. I didn't want all this.

But, I realized that there might be someone else like me out there. Someone who had the asterisk because there was an accident or it was against their will. If there was someone out there who was like me, they had to be in this support group.

And that's how I ended up going.

\* \* \*

><p>It was a bunch of sad-sap 'oh-life-isn't-worth-the-struggle' people who want you to feel sorry for them. It was nothing against them, really, because if they tried to kill themselves or harm themselves in any way, their life must have been really bad. I was just bitter because I really didn't belong here. My father should be in prison, my wrist should be free of this stupid asterisk, and I should probably be looking for a foster home right about now.</p>

But no, this is how life is. It's unfair and cruel and stupid. And I just have to roll with the punches.

I sat in the corner with my head down. There wasn't many of us, so the group leader told us to circle up. I did, but I didn't look at anyone directly. I just looked at my feet with this weird sort of glare. I hoped they got the message that I didn't want to be there.

Apparently, they didn't because the leader asked me about myself, since I was new and all. I rolled my eyes, introduced myself, told them my age, and said 'I don't need to be here.' Everyone asked me why.

"No one would believe me if I said anything," I replied to them. They left me alone.

The leader kept going with an awkward little look in my direction, almost as if she was worried about me. They started talking about why we were here, and what we wanted to accomplish. We wanted to get our issues out in the open, deal with them, and go on with our lives. No, I wanted to get out of here, and have someone believe me for once.

Someone came running in.

"Sorry I'm late," they breathed. "The bus broken down and I had to run here," We made room for him in the circle, and he sat right next to me. He had blue eyes, white hair, pale skin, a scrawny but built figure, and his shoes in his hands.

"Why did you take off your shoes?" I asked him.

"Stepped in a puddle on my way here," He said, smiling.

Turns out, his name was Jack. He was a pretty happy guy for someone who was suggested to be in this support group. He was always smiling softly, listening intently to the person talking, and trying to make people laugh. I should have been paying attention to what these people were saying, but my eyes always ended up wandering back to Jack. There was definitely something different about him.

The group was dismissed, and I found myself walking out, pulling my sleeves over my hands, balling them up, and shoving them in my pockets. The long walk home was going to be brutal, but I would enjoy it. Being alone by choice is better than being ignored by chance. Someone tapped my shoulder lightly, and I looked. It was Jack.

"Hey, I didn't catch your name back there," He said with a smile.

"Oh, uh, Hiccup. My name's Hiccup," I said.

"Unique," He commented. "You looked pretty mad in there. And you didn't share when they asked you to."

"Neither did you," I pointed out.

"Well, they didn't ask me." He replied snarkily. "Need to talk about it?" He asked.

"No use," I replied, kicking my feet a bit. "I'm 'mentally unstable.' You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"We're all carded with that 'mentally unstable' crap, so you can't pull it against me." Jack said. I looked at him. "Sometimes it's better to talk about it, even if no one will listen."

"That makes no sense," I said, looking at him blankly.

"So, are you going to tell me, or what?" He asked. I sighed.

"You don't give up, do you?" I asked. He shook his head. "Fine," I sighed. We walked to a nearby park, and I sat down by this tree. Jack sat beside me.

I tore at the grass that was growing on the ground as I told him. I really only planned to tell him that my dad did it to me, but as soon as the first few words tumbled out of my mouthâ€œ well, the whole story did too. I held back tears as the memories came rushing at me.

Jack demanded that he saw my scars, the ones on my chest and the one on my arm. I told him no. I didn't like looking at them, why would I show them to anyone else? He rolled his eyes, and said 'never mind.'

He told me something similar happened to him. I looked him in the eye. How could he have possibly been through the same thing I had?

He told me that he was bullied, constantly. And one day, it just got out of hand. Jack said he was playing with his sister near this pond when his bullies, two of them, came around. They were friendly enough, and one of them guided his sister home. The other attacked him, pushing his head under the pond's water and keeping it there.

Jack said it was lucky that his bully lost his nerve at the last second. Jack passed out, and while he was out, his bully pulled him out of the water and frantically called 9-1-1. The bully did what the operator said until help arrived.

No one told anyone the full story. His bully, the one that saved him, didn't want to be in trouble so he said that he found Jack there next to the pond. Jack was given his asterisk. He found out that the bully saved his life, and they had become friends. Who cared that he was the one that caused it? At least he tried to resolve it. Jack was ignored and bullied because of the asterisk, just like me, and moved here to start over.

"I wasâ€œ kind of wondering if there was anyone out there like me," Jack said, laughing a little. "You know, someone who didn't do it to themselves."

"Me too," I said quietly.

\* \* \*

><p>Jack and I became fast friends after that. We switched numbers, and we only lived a couple blocks away from each other. We wereâ€œ sort of inseparable. Jack and I usually walked around, talking about stupid things that bugged us, or something we wondered about.</p>

"Your dad still ignoring you?" Jack asked one day. We were by the tree, the same tree where we told our stories to each other.

"Yeah, but when doesn't he?" I asked. "Your sister still feel like it's her fault?"

"Noâ€œ" Jack said. "I had to convince her that it had nothing to do

with her," He slipped his hand into mine so casually, you might have thought he owned my own hand. "People are still giving you shit at school." He said, stating a fact. I just sighed.

"They're always going to, there's no point," I replied. The light filtered through the tree leaves looked beautiful.

"But there is a point," Jack countered. "You know that you have to tell the cops or something-!"

"No one cares." I said. "I've already tried, and they just wave me off every single time,"

"Well, I care, okay? And I don't want to see you hurt anymore," Jack said. I squeezed his hand lightly.

"I know you don't," I answered.

Itâ€| wasn't so bad anymore. I was still getting ignored and picked on at school, and my dad still doesn't acknowledge meâ€| but I didn't feel alone anymore. I know what Jack said was true, that I needed to keep trying to tell someone, because someone will listen to me one day. I just didn't see the point. If Jack was right here next to me, the world wasn't so bad as it was before.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>\*This in no way reflects my views on people who have harmed themselves.\*<strong>

\*\*I'm sorry. I hope you liked it. Review please.\*\*

\*\*-HB\*\*

## 5. Chapter 5

\*\*PNAU. Jack is a punk, it might not be clear, but he is. Hiccup's the nerd.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span><em><strong>~True Story~<strong>\_

Once Astrid and Hiccup walked into the house, she fell out the couch face-first, groaning. Hiccup looked at her curiously.

"Okay. What's up?" Hiccup asked. Astrid said something, but it was muffled by the couch cushions. "I don't speak couch, sorry." He said flatly.

"Some guy was staring at me today." Astrid said, rolling around on the couch and groaning again. Hiccup's eyes widened, and he moved to sit on the couch, right next to her head.

"You have got to tell me," He insisted, pushing his thick-rimmed glasses up the bridge of his nose. Astrid kept her eyes shut, and sighed loudly. "Okay. Was he like, checking you out, or just looking at you?"

"He wasâ€¦ ugh! He was like, staring into my soul or something!" Astrid said. "It was like he knew everything about me just by looking at me hard enough!"

"Who is he?" Hiccup asked. Astrid rolled off the couch and ran into her room. She came back with a golden yearbook. She cracked it open and pressed the book into Hiccup's hands. Then she pointed to a boy's picture: pale, striking blue eyes, spiked white hair, dazzling smile, lip piercing, plugs in his ears. "Jack Overland?" Hiccup asked, looking in the margins and finding the boy's name.

"YES!" Astrid said. "He was on the fashion page too. Look." She said, flipping the pages until it showed another picture of Jack, standing proudly with a smile, wearing tan jeans, a blue Volcom baseball tee, black Vans, and a beanie. His hands were in his pockets as he smiled at the camera. In one word: \_punk\_.

"Well, he's quite the looker," Hiccup said wryly. Astrid smacked him on the arm.

"This is serious!" Astrid protested.

"Like this matters," Hiccup said, closing the yearbook promptly and handing it back to her. "It's just a guy."

"It was sorta creepy thoughâ€¦" Astrid whined.

"I got you covered," Hiccup said, getting up off the couch and walking to his room. Astrid looked at him, blinking a couple times as she did so.

"What do you mean?" She called after him. "What are you going to do about it?!" She yelled.

"Something crazy!" Hiccup yelled back.

"Hiccup! No!" Astrid pleaded. "Don't do this!" She yelled. Hiccup's door closed, and the lock clicked.

"I have homework!" Hiccup yelled.

"You're an ass!" Astrid yelled. She heard her brother laugh, the sound muffled by the door. She sighed.

\* \* \*

><p>The next day, I was smiling the whole entire time. This plan was going to be epic. Was I really going to help her out? Ehâ€¦ Not really. Embarrass the crap out her? Definitely.</p>

The last class got out for the day, and Astrid and I met up to walk across campus and get home. Butâ€¦ as we walk across campus, we see Jack. I just haven't noticed it until now. I must have had this deranged smile on my face, because Astrid was looking at me weirdly.

"What are you planning?" She asked.

"Nothing," I said with a smirk. She slumped her shoulders.

"Please don't do anything!" She muttered. Jack rounded the corner, hands stuffed casually in his front pockets and walking with a slight smile on his face. I took one look at him, and one at Astrid. Then I slung my arm through hers and pulled her towards him.

"Hiccup! Hiccup! What are you doing?" She whispered frantically.

"Shut up," I muttered, putting a smile on my face. I walked right up to Jack, smile on my face and Astrid on my arm. "Hi! I'm Hiccup, and this is my sister, Astrid!" I introduced.

"Hi, I'm Jack!" He said, a little baffled. He sort of kept on walking.

"Well, you're obviously busy, so... bye! See you later!" I said, giving him a small wave.

"Ohâ€| kayâ€|" He said slowly.

Astrid pulled her arm away from mine, and I looked at her for the first time. She was beet red and there was steam practically coming out of her ears.

"Why would you do that?" Astrid asked, shaking my shoulders and punching every part of me should could. "You just made things totally awkward!" I batted her off, punching her shoulder.

"That was my point," I said with a smile. Astrid rolled her eyes, and we headed for home.

...

The next couple of days becameâ€| well, weird to say the least. I suddenly found myself becoming hyper-aware of this guy, Jack. I saw him practically everywhere, and basically knew his schedule. It was really weird, but he wasn't that bad to look atâ€| and he was sort of fun to mess with at Astrid's expense.

Astrid made vanilla cupcakes with bubble gum frosting for one of her friend's Ruffnut's birthday. There was some extra, and I took the tray off her hands as we walked across campus. Apparently, I got that devious look on my face again, and Astrid sighed.

"I'll take those away if you're planning on doing something stupid," She warned. I rolled his eyes. And Jack rounded the corner, just like he always did.

I changed directions quickly, walking away from my sister and towards Jack, tray of pink cupcakes in my hands. I put on a smile, and stuck the tray out to Jack.

"Want a cupcake?" I asked, smiling at him a bit and pushing my glasses up.

"Ummâ€| sure," He said. He plucked one off the tray. "Thanks," Jack said, looking at me. I swear I almost melted. Those eyes were way more intense than what the yearbook suggested.

"You're welcome," I said, walking away. I felt his eyes on me as I

walked towards Astrid, who was waiting for me. I couldn't get the picture of a punk like him holding a pink cupcake out of my mind and I was smiling uncontrollably.

"Satisfied?" Astrid asked.

"Depends," I replied. "Have I ruined your social life yet?"

"Have I ruined your face yet?" Astrid countered.

"Well, you've definitely ruined your face," I said. She grew red.

"I'm going to kill you when we get home," She mumbled. I laughed.

"Want a cupcake?" I asked her. She glared at me.

\* \* \*

><p>Valentine's Day came around, and ASB was selling candy grams. At lunch, I bought about ten, all addressed to Jack Overland. I didn't sign my name on most of them, but I decided hey, why not? I printed my name neatly on the front of one card.</p>

"\_Happy Valentine's Day\_, " I wrote inside. "\_I'm the guy with the cupcakes. Anyways, have an awesome day! â€“Hiccup\_" There was no harm in it, and I laughed as I passed the cards to the student in charge. They thanked me, and I walked out as quickly as I could. My friends were waiting on me so we could play Mario Kart 7, gosh darn it!

On that godforsaken day, Valentine's Day, Jack rounded the corner with one hand in his front pocket, the other holding a handful of bright red candy grams. All from me. He looked at me, directly at me, and smiled widely. I looked away, and I think I blushed.

I didn't torment him as much as I did before after that. But I still saw him around, a lot actually. It was as if every time I turned around, he would be there. I didn't know if it should have made me laugh, or a bit creeped out. Astrid was furious with me, though. She insisted that Jack was not her type, and that she didn't like him, but I think I saw right through that. There was no lying about it; everyone loved Jack, the punk.

I was walking to my second period class, totally minding my business for once. I clutched the new book I checked out from the library, The Book of Dragons, tightly across my chest, and I pushed up my glasses. My fingers grabbed hold of the excess fabric of my oversized green sweater. I was smiling a bit. Someone tapped my shoulder. I looked, and Jack was standing right next to me. I almost froze, but I kept walking.

"Hi," I said with a little smile.

"Hi, you're Hiccup, right?" He asked me. I nodded.

"Mm-hmm," I confirmed. "What's up?" Okay, maybe I shouldn't have tried to sound coolâ€|

"Have you been stalking me?" He asked suddenly, as if he couldn't

take it anymore.

"Stalking you?" I sputtered.

"Yeah," He answered, a little annoyed. "Everywhere I go, I see you. It never fails! So what? Do you like me? Are you a serial killer looking for its next victim? Or are you just a random stalker guy that follows people around?"

"Umâ€| none actually," I said, fixing my glasses and holding onto my book tighter. I was blushing slightly from his '\_do you like me\_?' statement. Don't ask me that, I obviously don't know. "I justâ€| happen to have classes where you do?" I said, a bit unsure.

"I find that bullshit," He remarked. "Outside of classes, too! I see you after school, and one time I saw you at the mall!"

"The mall?" I asked, confused. "I never saw you at the mall."

"Agh, forget it," He dismissed. "Something weird is going on," He muttered. "Bye."

"Bye." I said, figuring that '\_see ya'\_ wasn't the best farewell statement at the moment.

\* \* \*

><p>A few days laterâ€| well, that was the single most baffling day in my whole entire life.</p>

Astrid and I were walking across campus to get home, when Jack walked up to me. I blinked a couple times, and Astrid kept walking shoot me a glance over her shoulder.

"Uhâ€| hi," I said.

"Hey," Jack said. He held out a piece of paper and I took it. He smiled at me. "Text me some time, okay? We could go to the movies, my treat."

"Umâ€| okay, yeah sure," I said, smiling widely as I stuffed the number in my pocket. "I'll, uh... text you when I get home."

"Okay," He said. "See ya," He said quietly as he lifted his hand and cupped my cheek lightly. Then he winked at me and walked away.

And then it hit me. Jack Overland the punk, just asked me, Hiccup the nerd, out on a date.

"Well, I didn't see that one coming," Astrid said, not able to hide the smile on her face. I glared at her. "You guys make a cute coupleâ€|" She cooed.

"Shut upâ€|" I muttered. I pushed my glasses up and shoved my hands into my pockets. I felt the piece of paper that was in there and I smiled.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Muahaha! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THIS WAS BASED ON A TRUE

STORY!<strong>

\*\*I loved writing this! Oh, my gosh, you don't understand... :D I hope you liked it! Leave a review!\*\*

\*\*-HB\*\*

\*\*P.S: yes, Jack really did see Hiccup at the Mall.\*\*

## 6. Chapter 6

\*\*Mystical Creature AU. Artissimans and Dropling are not real, so don't go and look them up. I wanted something original, so I made my own : )\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span><em><strong>~Not In Control~<strong>\_

Artissimans. No one really knew what they were, or what they do, but they are out there. They're real. You just have to believe enough to see them.

What are Artissimans? They're warriors, hand-picked by Mother Nature herself, to fight against the forces that strive to kill nature, the Droplings. They aren't many in number, but it's enough. Artissimans are extremely powerful, but being an unseen force of nature does have its downfall.

For instance, do you notice that the weather sometimes gets really bipolar, or some things happen earlier or later in the season than they're supposed to? This is the result of an Artissiman battle versus the Droplings. The Artissimans win almost every single time, but that doesn't mean the Droplings will give up.

Mother Nature gave out very specific instructions to the Artissimans. Use your strength and power for good. Get along. Protect each other at all cost. And never, ever, fall in love with a human. That was the most important rule.

And one Artissiman had to go and break that law.

\* \* \*

><p>Artissiman Jack Frost has been fighting Droplings for as long as he could remember. He's been wandering the earth with his fellow Artissimans by his side, seeking out Droplings looking to wreak havoc anywhere they can. Jack enjoyed his job, for the most part.</p>

Until he saw someone. That someone was a human. He had auburn hair and bright green eyes. He wore a baggy sweatshirt and grey jeans. There was a beat-up pair of Converse on his feet. The person walked into a house, and shut the door.

And Jack decided to follow. Being an Artissiman, he faded through the door, and waltzed inside the house. There he was, setting his bag on the floor and sitting at a table. He pulled out a book, and started to read. Jack studied him, noticing that he had lots of freckles on his cheeks and, from what he could see, on his hands. Jack smiled a

bit. He was almost sort of beautiful.

"Hiccup?" Someone yelled, making Jack jump despite the fact that he could not be seen. The boy looked up from his book, and closed it with a sigh.

"Yeah?" He asked.

\_Huh, Hiccup\_, Jack thought, \_what a cool name\_â€|

"Uhâ€| soâ€| umâ€| how was your day?" Someone said, walking into the room. The guy was huge! And he had long, scraggly red hair and a beard. Hiccup sighed again.

"It was okay, Dad," Hiccup said, giving a small smile.

\_Dad?!\_ Jack thought. \_They look nothing alike!\_

"Anything, uhâ€| interesting happen?" His father asked him.

"No, Dad, I didn't join the football team," Hiccup said, rolling his eyes. "They still trip me in the halls," He muttered, opening his book again and trying to find his place again.

"Ohâ€| uh, okay," His dad said, sitting on the couch nearby and switching on the T.V. Hiccup found his place in his book, and dog-eared the page. He snapped it shut again, and stood up.

"I'll be in my room," Hiccup said, scooping up his backpack and walking down a hallway. Jack followed him. Hiccup opened a door, and walked inside, not knowing that someone was watching him closely.

Jack couldn't help but study the boy and his little mannerisms. He placed his backpack on a hook, and flopped on his bed with his book pressed against his chest. He closed his eyes and sighed for a moment, before finding his page and reading. Jack was close to him, committing this kid to memory. Hiccup's shirt had ridden up to show a part of his stomach, and before Jack knew it, his hand was outstretched.

Jack's fingers brushed Hiccup's skin, and the boy squirmed. Jack froze. Was this supposed to happen? Was Hiccup supposed to feel him? He had never tried this beforeâ€| and it was really exciting. With a smile plastered on his face, Jack reached out and touched Hiccup's forehead, moving the auburn strands away from his eyes.

And the exciting part was, Hiccup smiled and let out a content sigh. He brought his hand up, and touched his own forehead softly before bringing it back to hold his book.

His heart beating quickly and a smile threatening to crack his face in half, Jack continued. He knew he shouldn't be doing this, he knew it. It was against Artissiman lawâ€| but who knew something so wrong could feel soâ€| right?

Jack left his fingers graze Hiccup's cheek and the contours of his neck. Then he let his hand linger over Hiccup's ribcage. He felt the boy sigh. A bright smile flitted over his features, but Jack was for certain that was only a reaction to the book he was reading. Hiccup

set the book down next to him, and touched his chest lightly, right where Jack's hand was.

The Artissiman slipped away before their hands could make contact, if they could make contact. Hiccup sat up, looking around wildly for a moment, before flopping back against his bed and rubbing his eyes.

"I must be feeling things," He mumbled. "I've gone insane!"

With that, Jack faded through the boy's window and flew off. But every single night, for about a month, Jack would go back to Hiccup's room, watching silently or sometimes touching his face lightly before flying off again.

\* \* \*

><p>"Where the bloody hell were ya?" Bunny, another Artissiman, asked Jack as he flew in. Jack rolled his eyes.</p>

"Like you're my keeper," He said, but his heart wasn't in it. He perched himself in a tree, his back resting against the tree's trunk and letting one of his legs hang off the branch.

"Oi, I know that look," Bunny said, hopping over to the tree. "You've met someone."

"So not true, Cotton Tail," Jack scoffed, hoping that his crimson-tinted cheeks didn't give away his lie.

"Who is she?" Bunny asked with a smirk. "Tell me she isn't a Winter Sprite, mate. You could do so much better,"

"Butt out of it," Jack dismissed.

"You'll have to tell me sooner or later," He said. "You know I always find out."

"Doesn't mean I'll tell you sooner," Jack said.

"Just tell me!" Bunny insisted.

"You'll kill me," Jack said.

"Why?"

"He's a human," Jack whispered. Bunny caught the three words and his mouth popped open.

"What? You're kidding me. A human?! You know-!" Bunny said, starting to freak out a bit.

"Yeah, I know. Thanks for summing that up." Jack said, rolling his eyes and dropping his head into his hands.

"Mother Nature will know," Bunny said lowly.

"She already knows," Jack said. "Can't you feel it?" A cold wind blew by the both of them, and they shivered. "She knows!" The tree Jack was sitting on suddenly changed; the leaves changed color from green

to orange and yellow and red, and in seconds, they all fell off. Jack fell to the ground lightly.

The wind stirred up the fallen leaves, making them swirl in what looked like a miniature tornado. Jack and Bunny looked at the leaves fearfully. The leaves changed figure, and with an explosion, a slender, regal-looking woman was in front of them. A crown was on her head and she was dressed in a sparkling gold gown that reached the floor.

Jack and Bunny dropped to their knees instantly.

"My Queen!" They muttered quietly, bowing their heads.

"None of that," Mother Nature snapped, her golden dress turning a dark blue. "On your feet, the both of you." Jack and Bunny slowly rose to their feet.

"I-I-I can explain!" Jack stuttered crazily.

"No, you cannot, Jackson," Mother Nature said sternly. "I know that the matter of love is out of everyone's control, but the rules are strictly the rules. There cannot be any exceptions whatsoever."

"Yes, My Queen," Jack muttered, looking at his feet.

"What are his consequences?" Bunny asked. Mother Nature gave him a sharp look. "I-If you don't mind me asking, I mean. Jack's just a friend of mine and I would be devastated if-"

"Exile." Mother Nature said, a note of sadness in her voice.  
"Jackson, you will be sent to earth and made into a human. You will no longer see us Artissimans."

"A lifetime of exile for something that I can't control?" Jack asked, shocked. "That's not technically fair, don't you think, My Queen?"

"Jackson! I am no longer your Queen." Mother Nature said lightly. Her dress faded back into its original golden color, shining brightly in the sun. Jack squinted. "Good luck as a human, Jack," She murmured, and she actually sounded as if she meant well. The glint of her dress became brighter, and Jack's closed his eyes for a second!

And his world went black.

\* \* \*

><p>The ground under him. That was the first thing Jack noticed when he finally woke up. He had the worst headache in history, and he felt like he was about to be sick. He cracked his eyes open, and he found himself on a city sidewalk.</p>

Jack took a shuddering breath, and sat himself up. The world spun, but other than that, Jack was fine. He slowly got up onto his feet. And he looked around. The place looked familiar, but he couldn't put his finger on it. He stood on his toes, meaning to fly into the air and get a better view on where he was, but his feet stayed firmly on

the ground.

What had happened? Oh, right. Exile.

With nowhere to go, Jack wandered the streets aimlessly, taking in everything he could. Humans were so strangeâ€| and he had to be one of them. Jack knew that there were probably a million Artissimans flying around, fighting off Droplings and protecting the people, he just couldn't see them. It was all so strange.

Pretty soon, it was nightfall. Jack was still walking around, figuring out how to act as normal as possible. So he had to remember to open doors, to eat, to walk, to sleepâ€| It was going to be a lot harder than he thought.

"Excuse me?" Someone asked him. He whipped around and saw Hiccup standing there. A huge grin spread across Jack's face. He fought every instinct in him to not hug the boy to death.

"Hello." Jack said after a second.

"Not to, uh, sound rude or anything but umâ€| I sorta noticed you've been walking around for a while andâ€| w-what I'm trying to say isâ€| do you have anywhere to stay tonight?" Hiccup was awkward, and he probably could have won a medal for the Most Awkward Statement, but he had a little smile on his face, so Jack overlooked it.

"No, notâ€| not really. I sortaâ€| well, I got kicked out," Jack said a bit sheepishly, returning the smile.

"Well, not to sound creepy or anythingâ€| would you like to spend the night at my place?" Hiccup asked.

"Umâ€| okay."

"So, what's your name?" Hiccup asked.

"Jackson, but almost everyone calls me Jack," He replied.

"Cool, well, I'm Hiccup."

"I know," Jack murmured under his breath so the phrase was barely audible. The rest of the walk there was quiet, but it was okay. Jack didn't really know what to say. It all felt too good to be true.

"So, uhâ€| here we are!" Hiccup said, gesturing to a house. Jack smiled. "It's not much but, hey, it's home."

"It's perfect," Jack commented. The two walked into the house.

"My dad shouldn't be home in a while, but I'll explain everything to him when he does." Hiccup said. "Want anything to eat?"

The two feasted on Top Ramen and Girl Scout Cookies, watching some strange history documentary and making fun of the voice-over. They laughed and they talked about absolutely nothing, but it was better than silence. Hiccup's dad came home a little before one, and it turned out he was okay with Jack staying over. The two got chastised, though, for staying up so late, and they were sent to bed. They had

to share Hiccup's room, but Jack couldn't have been more thrilled.

Hiccup climbed on top of his bed and cracked open his book, immersing himself into his reading just like Jack watched him do countless times before. Jack crawled on top of the bed as well, sitting right next to him.

"What are you reading?" Jack asked.

"Mythology," Hiccup said, not really looking up. Jack took his chances, and brushed the hair from Hiccup's eyes. He stopped reading, and looked at Jack eyes wide.

"Sorry," Jack said quickly.

"No, noâ€œ it's just thatâ€œ" Hiccup said, a blush dusting onto his cheeks. "It felt familiar, that's all."

"Alright," Jack said, a hint of a smile playing on his lips.

A couple of minutes passed by with nothing happening, but Jack preferred it this way, anyways.

"Jack?"

"Hmm?"

"Let me ask you something," Hiccup said. "Have you ever heard of Artissimans?" Jack's eyes went wide.

"What?" He asked, shocked.

"Artissimans," Hiccup repeated. "There's the tiniest section ever on them, but apparently they fight back the evil forces of nature and keep everything in check. Have you heard of them?"

"Yeah, I think so."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Once again, Artissimans are not real. I made them up :D Thank you for reading! Please review~~<strong>

\*\*-HB\*\*

## 7. Chapter 7

\*\*IT'S THE END! OMG THANK YOU GUYS FOR READING THIS! I LOVE YOU FOREVER AND ALWAYS!\*\*

\*\*Anyways... My spin on Pirate Au, because, if I'm honest, I know nothing about pirates. This is short, I'm sorry...\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Day 7: Pirate AU</p>

"Argh!"

"Avast ye, you dirty scoundrel!"

"Go walk the plank!"

"Swab the deck!"

The two kids fell onto the grass, clutching their stomachs and laughing their heads off. Both of them looked similar enough to be brothers. One was a bit taller than the other, but they shared a similar skin tone and hair color. The taller kid had blue eyes, while the other had green. They stood up, fully recovered from laughing so hard, and each grabbed a stick from the ground.

"Have at ye!" The taller one yelled, pretending the stick was a sword and lunging at the other kid. He successfully dodged it and beat the stick with his own.

"You fight like me mother!" The shorter kid yelled.

"That's a little mean, Hamish!" The taller whined, a small frown on his face.

"Aw, come on, Jackâ€|" Hamish said. "It's only pretendâ€|"

"HIYA!" Jack yelled, poking Hamish's stomach with the stick.

"OW!" Hamish said. Their swordfight continued, the resounding smack of wood echoing through the air. They laughed as they tried to land blows on one another, apologizing softly when the other got hit. With one powerful hit, Hamish knocked the stick out of Jack's hand, then he threw his to the ground. "Can't catch me, you scurvy seadog!" He yelled, running away.

"Think again you monstrous kraken!" Jack yelled, running after Hamish. They ducked and rolled and dodged out of each other's way, laughing away. Jack surged forward with a burst of speed and accidentally tackled Hamish (okay, maybe it wasn't exactly an accident). They both fell with a thud, Jack on top of poor Hamish.

"Get off me you mangy mutt!" Hamish yelled, trying to push himself off the floor but he found that his and Jack's weight combined was all too much for his weak arms.

"Boys," Someone said, laughing. Both of them looked, and saw Hamish's mother standing by the sliding glass door. "What are you doing?" She asked.

"Playing pirates!" Jack said, rolling off of Hamish. Both pushed themselves off the floor and stood up.

"Alright then." Hamish's mother said lightly. "Play nice, then."

"We will, Ma," Hamish replied. She disappeared back inside the house. The two boys gave each other a look. Jack lunged, and pretended to grab something off the floor in front of Hamish's feet.

"Argh!" Jack yelled triumphantly. "I stole your booty!" He ran away.

"Get back here!" Hamish yelled, chasing Jack around the yard. They ran around for quite a while, screaming about treasure and never getting it back. They laughed uncontrollably. Jack stopped suddenly, too tired to run anymore, and turned around to smile at Hamish. Hamish noticed that he had stopped a little too late, and was unable to stop himself. He crashed into the taller boy, both of them falling to the ground. Their mouths crashed together harshly and rather painfully, but the connection was lost a second later.

They rested on the floor for a brief moment, Hamish on top of Jack this time. They were both breathing hard because of all the running.

"Are you okay?" Jack asked.

"Fine, I think. You?" Hamish replied, still not moving.

"Great." Jack said sarcastically.

Some feeling rushed between the two boys, and it happened to be about the painful contact their lips had made on accident. Both of their cheeks turned red at the thought. And thenâ€‘ without really thinking about it, Hamish leaned down and Jack leaned upâ€‘ and their lips connected again, this time a whole world lighter and kinder than the last.

"Jackson!" Someone called from inside. Both boys broke apart, hearts thumping and blood rushing to their cheeks. "Time to go home!" The two of them got up off the floor and shared a look.

"See you later, then?" Jack asked.

"Argh!" Hiccup said, making a hook with his finger.

\* \* \*

><p>"Hey Hamish?" Jack asked. Hiccup looked up. Jack hadn't called him 'Hamish' in a long time. Something must be up.<p>

"Hmm?" Hiccup asked.

"Remember that time when we played pirates in your backyard?" He asked, looking up from his 3DS. Their eyes met, and Hiccup's cheeks tinted red when he saw the smile on his best friend's face.

"Yeah, and we almost got in trouble because of it, too." Hiccup said, trying to change the subject. "Pay attention. I'm going to lap you." He threatened. They were playing a multi-player racing game, and Hiccup was whooping Jack's ass at it.

"I suck at racingâ€‘" Jack mumbled. As Hiccup won, Jack snapped the 3DS closed sharply.

"Ack! Rude! You just lost the connection!" Hiccup said, twisting around to look at Jack, who was seated on top of his bed. Hiccup was sitting up there with him, but he got kicked off when he won his third race.

"Stop trying to change the subject!" Jack said, smiling again. Hiccup

rolled his eyes.

"Okay, yeah, I remember. So what?" Hiccup said. Jack slide down and sat next to Hiccup, 3DS forgotten.

"Wanna play pirates?" Jack whispered. Hiccup blushed furiously. Without thinking, both boys leaned forward and crashed their lips together in a furious kiss. Hiccup climbed into Jack's lap and tangled his fingers up in his friend's brown hair. Jack held on firmly to Hiccup's hips.

They broke apart, breathing hard and smiling.

"Arghâ€|" Hiccup whispered.

And the both of them burst into a fit of laughter.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Yes. Just... yes. <strong>

\*\*Anyways, gosh, it's the end of Hijack Week. I had a blast and thank you everyone who has reviewed, favorite, followed, or even read. It means a lot to me, and I hope you liked it a lot :D\*\*

\*\*-HB\*\*

End  
file.